

if i could drown in you, would you let me - discontinued

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by [perpxtive](#)

Summary

They're friends, right? Friends make jokes like they do all the time; you can make inappropriate jokes about your friends and not mean it. You can joke about how much you're in love with them, right? Right?

Dream and George have been and will always be friends, even when George smiles like that, and laughs like that. Even when every word he says adds another butterfly to Dream's stomach. Life without George would be unbearable, but living like this, every day in agony, can he stand that either?

Notes

Hi! I am on chapter 7 of Heatwaves by tbhyourelame and I absolutely love it. If you haven't read it already, go do that right now! However I happen to prefer a little bit more of a slowburn so I am writing my own DNF fanfic that will feature more of that slowburn. (This is loosely set before the second war, I pulled from some of the stuff that I remembered from the streams but it won't be that accurate lmfao pls don't come for me)

Also, shipping real people is kinda gross, I don't want a repeat of Dan and Phil or Mark and Sean/Sean and Pewdiepie. So please please don't share this work or others like it with

George or Dream or anyone else. Heatwaves just inspired me a lot and I really wanted to write this story.

Please do not share this to Wattpad or Fanfiction.net or circulate a PDF or anything else like it. I will orphan the work and discontinue writing it, it's very disrespectful to me.

But other than that, I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

- Inspired by [Heat Waves](#) by [tbhyourelame](#)

it's too cold

Dream's discord was ringing. Over and over and over again. Dream laid in his bed, staring at the ceiling clutching at his sheets. He could hear George's voice; the smooth baritone would wash over him like a flood. For a moment, nothing else would exist. All he had to do was answer the call.

And then Sapnap would be there, ending the only peace Dream would find all day. Maybe Bad would be there too, adding another nail in Dream's coffin. But if he didn't answer the call, if he just let it ring until they all got fed up, then he would have nothing. No scraps, no memories to clutch onto as the night passes. He would be empty.

With a groan, Dream rose and dutifully put his headset on. His cursor hovered over the join button. He could feel his hands shaking against the hard plastic. He clicked. In an instant, his headset exploded with the complaints of his friends. He could barely make out what each of them was saying.

"WHERE WERE YOU?" Shouts Sapnap.

"WE WERE WAITING!" Screams BadBoyHalo.

"COME ON DREAM!" Yelled George. He couldn't even hear George clearly. What a waste.

"Well?" Asks BadBoyHalo. They were waiting for an explanation, shit, why didn't he think of anything. Of course, they'd be suspicious after he waited so long, shit! He said the first thing that came to mind.

"Uh, I was in the shower." He tried to add a laugh to the end of his sentence; he tried to add his usual confidence. If he could just appease them, then he could hear just George's voice.

"Without me," responded Sapnap, already trying to start a stream of banter. Dream's only response was another half-hearted laugh. They had to hear the disappointment dripping from his words. Why hadn't George been the one to say it? Why couldn't he have...

Dream needed to stop. They're friends, right? Friends make jokes like they do all the time; you can make inappropriate jokes about your friends and not mean it. You can joke about how much you're in love with them, right? Right? He can joke like that with Sapnap and George because he doesn't mean it. None of them mean it.

They all had logged onto the SMP to be apart of George's stream. The gentle glow from Dream's monitors washed over him, the only illumination in his room. He tried to push his thoughts away. He just tried to laugh and joke with his friends. His friends. Just friends. None of them noticed his internal struggle. None of them noticed him.

He paused, his hand hovering over his mouse. He has a second monitor. He could, in theory, watch one of his friend's streams. That's just what friends do, right? Watch each other's streams? It couldn't hurt. Too bad Sapnap and Bad weren't streaming tonight; maybe he would've pulled up their's. He pulled up twitch, slowly typing in George's username. And just like that, there was George's face. He practically knocked the wind out of Dream.

His lips were so pink and full, and a light stubble coated his jaw. Even though he shaved regularly, he couldn't escape that five o'clock shadow. Dream let himself smile as he watched George's animated face laugh at one of Sapnap's jokes. He looked so happy.

“Oh, Dreammmmmmm,” called George, pulling him out of his stupor.

“Wha- Hmm?” Responded Dream, his mouth dry.

“You’re too quiet. What are you doing?” He asked, taking a moment to look at his chat. Maybe they did notice him, maybe George saw him.

“Nothing,” said Dream defensively, “I’m just uh-” Dream’s eyes flitted over the Minecraft chat, he sighed in relief. “Give me one sec. Wilbur wants me in VC 3.”

“But-” Dream cut BadBoyHalo off with a swift click moving into VC 3. Why did it hurt so much to switch voice calls?

“Woah, Woah, Woah, what is going on here,” he exclaimed, trying to project a lighthearted mood. Tommy screamed with fear at the sound of Dream’s voice.

“Um, no, I mean. Good day sir. Hi Dream, what is up,” said Tommy stiffly. Oh, he was up to something.

“Tommy, what are you doing,” replied Dream allowing an edge to creep into his voice. Streaming with Tommy was fun, he could admit it, playing a character, acting his part. It came so naturally now. He could be the “bad guy.” He could be just a friend.

“Uhhhh,” said Tubo trying to help his friend. “Well, he is definitely not in Manburg right now, that’s for sure.”

“Tubo,” cried Tommy slamming his hand on his desk.

“What!” Exclaimed Tubo.

“What are you doing in Manburg, Tommy.” Dream started running toward Manburg, not waiting for an explanation. This was the distraction he needed; it was perfect. No George, no Sapnap, no jokes were weighing him down. God, he just wanted to go back and talk to George. Why was it so hard to stay away. “And why was Wilbur the one to ask me to come in here? Is he even in this VC?”

“I’m here, Dream,” said Wilbur before going back to being quiet. Leave it to Wilbur to remain mysterious. Dream found Tommy and Tubo at the podium, still arguing in the VC. He aimed an arrow at them. He shot, it landed. Tommy screamed again!

“NO! NO! NO! NO! I’M LEAVING! I’M LEAVING!” He shouted while running away. Tubo stayed at the podium.

“Tubo, why are you talking to Tommy in Manburg,” he asked, coming closer and closer to Tubo’s character.

“I’m, I’m pregnant,” stuttered Tubo. Dream stilled, both he, Tommy, and Wilbur burst into laughter. “Tommy’s helping me.”

Dream kept playing for awhile on a call with Tommy and Tubo and Wilbur’s presence. He almost forgot the ache in his chest, the burn across his face from seeing George’s face ebb. He almost felt normal. And then he glanced to the left, just for a second. His eye just darted over, and there he was, George. Another smile painted on his face, another smile Sapnap no doubt created. The sight of it paralyzed Dream.

It would be so easy to switch back into the other VC. He could do it right then and there. All he

could think about was how good it would feel to hear George's voice. It set every single one of his nerves alight just to listen to him speak. His eyelids drooped as he slumped in his chair in pure bliss at just the thought of his friend's voice.

STREAM ENDED

George ended his stream. *George ended his stream* . How had he not noticed, no, no, no, no, no? Was he still in the VC? Dream rushed to check. George left. Stupid, stupid. How did he not notice? Dream laced his hands in his hair, gripping tight. He slammed a hand against his desk, hard. Maybe then he could feel something again.

"Dream?" Asked Wilbur faintly through his headset. Shit, he was still on a call. "Is everything alright?" His hands were trembling. Did the room get hotter?

"Yeah, sorry, it's just Patches messing around," he said with no inflection. He blew his chance of the day, his one chance to talk to George. How could he be so stupid? "I think I'm gonna log off. Patches wants my attention." He laughed a bit at the end there. He knew he had to force some kind of emotion into his voice. He clicked off the VC before any of them had a chance to say anything. He was out of the server even quicker. Dream leaned back in his chair.

"FUCK!" He yelled, slamming his hands on his desk again. Patches, who had been sitting under the table, leaped up in confusion. Dream pulled the cat into his arms, making soothing noises. "It's okay," he whispered. Dream laid back into bed, setting Patches down next to him. He yanked the pillow next to him and put it over his face just in time to let out a scream. He took a deep breath.

It doesn't matter that he didn't say goodnight to George. It doesn't matter that he doesn't know when he'll hear his voice again because they're friends. But friends don't feel what Dream feels. They don't want what Dream wants. His phone chimed twice; Dream ignored it twice. It dinged a third time. With a roll of his eyes, Dream rolled over to grab it and silence it.

Three unread text messages. All from George. George texted him. Three times. He has three text messages from George. Dream tried to quell the excitement stirring in his stomach.

hey

you seemed off today

you okay?

George had noticed. Dream leaned back with a smile on his face, almost dropping his phone. He couldn't form any thoughts. George had wiped his entire mind. He flexed his hand over the phone, trying to figure out what to say.

im fine . Dream texted George, not wanting to worry his friend.

just one of those days.

George didn't respond for a while. Dream couldn't stop checking his phone for any sign of George. He waited for the three dots to appear, they didn't. He waited for any notification, none arrived. Dream set his phone down on his nightstand. Three little texts lead him to spend an hour of his life lying in wait.

He was so screwed.

i want the world

Chapter Notes

Hey! I know I said in the chapter notes for chapter one that I didn't want anyone to republish my work on other fanfiction sites! That still holds true, however, I did put this story on Wattpad under the same username as this so don't get worried if you see it! (unless you see it under a different user lmfao)

But other than that please do not share this to Wattpad or Fanfiction.net or circulate a PDF or anything else like it. I will orphan the work and discontinue writing it, it's very disrespectful to me. But I won't orphan the work if Dream and George learn about this, as long as they remain comfortable with it!

Happy reading, I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream hadn't noticed he fell asleep. One moment he was awake desperately waiting for a text from George, and the next, he was sitting in a field of tall grass basking in the warm air. He inhaled deeply, the scent of wildflowers brushing against his nose. His hands splayed behind him, clutching the blades of grass underneath him. A light touch on the back of his left hand sent Dream reeling. Finger's laced through his as Dream screwed his eyes shut. He was too scared to look.

"Dream," whispered George, his voice closer than it had ever been before. It was so solid. It sounded so real; he was so desperate for it to be real. "Dream, look at me." Dream turned his head, keeping his eyes closed. He shook his head slightly. "Why?"

"Because you're not here, you're never here," he replied, breathing heavily, trying to will away tears from forming. George's free hand came to cup Dream's face, his fingers sweeping over Dream's jawline.

"I'm here," said George. Dream could hear the smile in his voice, that perfect, damning smile. Dream leaned forward, his head crashing into George's shoulder, George's arms reflexively wrapped around him. He opened his eyes to see George's chest in front of him. Maybe this time was different. Maybe this time George wouldn't disappear.

"Do you promise?" Asked Dream, his voice muffled by the fabric of George's hoodie. George chuckled.

"I promise." Dream hesitated. George pulled Dream's hand to his lips. "I promise," he whispered into Dream's skin. His warm breath sent a chill down Dream's spine. Dream looked up, and for a moment, he was there. George's smiling face looked down at him, his head framed by the sun.

"Hi," he smiled down at Dream. His George was this close. Dream melted in his gaze. "You stupid, stupid boy." Dream's smile vanished.

"All it takes is one glance, and I've destroyed you," he laughed, pulling away from Dream.

"George, what are you-"

“Just shut up, will you,” spat George. “You think I could care about you like that? You disgust me.” Dream shrunk against George’s words as George grew bigger in front of him. An axe slipped into George’s hand. George lifted it and swung directly for Dream’s head.

Dream’s eyes shot open. Another nightmare had torn through him, leaving him trembling and covered in sweat. George had never done that before; there had to be a first time for everything, though. Dream was losing his mind. That’s the only explanation.

He rolled over, reaching for his phone—five unread text messages: two from Sapnap and three from George. Sapnap had texted just like George had to ask if Dream was okay. He didn’t bother responding.

my text from earlier didn't send lol

i was just saying that if you needed to talk i'm here

u okay? youre not responding

Dream recalled his nightmare, the look of glee on George’s face after he had successfully tricked Dream. Dream shook his head as if it’d erase the memory. This George wasn’t like that. He wouldn’t ever do that to him. George wouldn’t trap him just to cut him down, not on purpose. He was checking in on a friend. Friend. That word was like poison flooding Dream’s veins.

yeah im fine i just fell asleep

He wanted to say more. He wanted to say so much more. “Friend.” He choked down the word as if saying it out loud would help. “We’re friends.”

thanks for checking in on me

Dream sat up, still sweating bullets. It couldn’t just be from his nightmare, could it? He walked to his thermostat. Shit. Not only was he in hell because of George, but now his AC wasn’t working. Great. Dream’s phone buzzed in his hand. George already responded.

anytime dream

Wasn’t it super late for him? Why was he still up?

dude isnt it like 3 where u are?

why are you still up

Dream prayed he sounded casual enough. George had to see right through him. He had to see how much Dream cared, how their friendship was the worst thing that had ever happened to him.

i just couldnt sleep

why did you take a nap so late

Dream shook his head. *don't change the subject*

im not . Dream could practically hear George’s laugh rolling off that text.

whatever lol . Was that too harsh? So much for seeming casual. *i didn't mean to, i just kinda fell asleep*

what woke you up? George asked. ‘You,’ thought Dream. ‘You did.’

the heat. i guess my ac is broken. He responded; it was a good excuse. George would never be the wiser. He would never know the feelings that Dream was harboring. He could never know.

damn that sucks

wait, i have the perfect song for you . The message came in a few moments later, a link to Sweater Weather. Dream fought the smile that was threatening to take over his face.

very funny george

George responded with a smiley face. What the fuck was Dream supposed to do with that? How was he supposed to maintain a conversation with that? Dream tossed his phone onto his bed before dropping his head into his hands.

He didn’t have to maintain the conversation because sometimes conversations have natural ends. What was George supposed to say to what Dream said? Just because Dream never wanted to stop talking to George didn’t mean George felt the same. Dream knew George didn’t feel the same way. He thought that they were friends. Friends, friends, friends, friends.

Friends don’t infiltrate other friend’s dreams. Friends don’t make you feel like you’re going to explode with a smile. Friends laughs don’t sound like the beat of an angel’s wings.

Dream was burning, metaphorically, and literally. He stood with a groan to shower, to wipe away the stink of sweat and rage. He slid to the door of his bathroom, shedding clothes along the way. He stepped into his shower, smoothly turning on the cold water. He stood there for a moment with eyes closed, just letting the water embrace him with freezing fingers. He deserved this, the stinging needles piercing his skin carried by the cold water.

He felt tears start to leak out of his eyes as he placed a hand on the shower wall to steady himself. His thoughts, his dreams, his nightmares were all haunted by the ghost of his *friend* . He tormented his memories, the faintest smile always pressing against the recesses of Dream’s mind. Dream hung his head in shame.

He needed to move on from this, this obsession—this fixation. He could do it if he wanted it enough. He could just choose to move on. And God did he want to move on, to go back to normal. To a time where his every moment wasn’t consumed by GeorgeNotFound. It was pathetic.

Dream used to be able to joke without care, to laugh freely. He didn’t have to think and overthink every word that came out of his mouth. He couldn’t pinpoint where it changed. He couldn’t tell you when or where he realized he was...

He couldn’t tell you when or where he realized he cared for his friend more than a friend should. It just felt like two distinct periods—a time of camaraderie, of silly little youtube videos and speedruns. And a time of torture, of hell, of the Dream SMP.

Dream wants too much, that’s for sure. But not for the first time, and not for the last, the thing he wished for most of all was time. Time to change, to fix things, to go back in time. Dream always wanted what he couldn’t have. Always.

Thank you for reading Chapter Two! If you have anything to say please leave it in the comments and leave a kudos if you enjoyed it. Chapter Three will be posted by the end of next week, see you then :)

let me go

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Spend a day without talking to George, simple, right? Friends can go a day without talking; it's no big deal. Dream would be on stream with Tommy for a good chunk of the day anyway. It was just the hours in between now and then that would be difficult.

The discord server had been going off all morning with ideas for new youtube videos. Dream struggled to talk without directly addressing George. But even just sitting there silently, watching George describe coding ideas, almost had him melting in his seat.

jump in VC 2 im sick of typing, wrote Sapnap. No, this cannot be happening. It was hard enough reading George's messages, let alone hearing his voice. He would break. He entered it anyway.

"Gimmie one sec, guys," he said before anyone could speak. "I've gotta feed Patches." He ripped his headset off so he wouldn't have to hear George's voice. He could still hear it echoing through the headset, the faintest whisper of George speaking. Dream hovered there for a moment, just staring at his headset. He couldn't stop; he didn't want to stop. He wanted desperately to put them on and to hear George speak. But if he did, even for a moment he knew Dream would talk to George, he wouldn't be able to help it. Patches wrapped herself around Dream's ankle and meowed loudly.

"...unmuted..." came from the headset. He couldn't make out the rest. Dream checked; he hadn't muted himself. If he stayed any longer, he would've put the headset back on. Dream shook his head and walked away with Patches trailing behind him. He hadn't lied, he did need to feed Patches, but it was just an excuse—an excuse to avoid George, to avoid himself.

The tile floors felt amazing as he walked into his kitchen to grab food for Patches. Having broken AC in Florida was a death sentence, no it was a torture sentence; death would've been kinder than the humid heat.

Dream couldn't even hear the ghost of George's voice anymore. The headset was too far away. He should've been grateful that Patches needed food, that he had an excuse to leave the room instead of being stabbed over and over with George's voice. But knowing that in the other room, he could've been listening to George laugh? It was killing him more than the heat was.

This day was supposed to give him a break. It was supposed to remind him that he didn't need George to function. But the longer it took for him to give his cat food and water, the more he realized how weak he truly was. How much power George held over him. Dream just needs it all to stop; all of the little things George did that Dream couldn't help but fall for.

Dream didn't need a break from George. He needed to be reminded of all the reasons why falling for George was a bad idea. The break couldn't solve anything. That's how Dream justified putting the headset back on and not speaking for just a moment. He just listened to his friends talking without him. He listened to his friends, *being* friends with no hidden motives.

"Bad, you cannot be serious," said George with his perfect accent. He pronounced every word so carefully, just like he did everything else.

"I am you muffin-head!" Exclaimed BadBoyHalo jumping onto the defensive as he always did.

“My next YouTube video is not going to be coding Minecraft to turn Dream into a flower,” responded George, exasperation coating his voice. Dream broke his silence with a wheeze.

“What are you guys talking about?” He asked, laughter still tugging onto the end of his sentence. George exploded into laughter; it was the most beautiful thing Dream had ever heard.

“George wanted to do another one of your videos where you try to beat the game while you’re transformed into something else,” started Bad trying to explain his thought process. “But, he didn’t know what to transform you into, so me and Sapnap were just throwing out ideas!”

“And you thought I should be a flower!” Dream was trying so hard to sound typical, but George was still laughing, and every time his discord icon turned green, Dream died a little inside.

“Well, when you say it like that,” said Bad, still having to defend himself.

“No, it’s a great idea, Bad,” said Sapnap. He was trying to stop his laughter; it was evident in his voice. “Dream will stay in one place for the whole video.”

“I could pick him up,” giggled George, still recovering from earlier. Dream caught himself before he said something. He still hadn’t technically talked to George today; he was talking to all of them earlier. There was never going to be a way to avoid George truly, and Dream knew that. It tore him apart, knowing that if he keeps talking to George, it’ll kill, and if he doesn’t, it’ll kill him too.

“Well, I’m not hearing any better ideas.” Thank God for Bad being able to fill in the silence Dream couldn’t. “Dream, what do you think?”

“Yeah, Dream, do you want to be a flower?” Asked Sapnap. A smile threatened to appear on Dream’s face.

“It depends. What kind of flower?” It was so comfortable joking with the two of them. Dream slumped down in his chair, why couldn’t it be this easy with George? Why did he have to make it so hard?

“Whatever flower you want,” responded Bad with a smile. “Oh, oh! You should be the lily. It’s so pretty.”

“Yeah, Dream, you’d be such a pretty flower,” said George making Sapnap laugh. Dream almost audibly gasped. What. The. Fuck. Why did George calling him a *pretty goddamn flower* send butterflies down to his stomach. He had to disconnect. He had to go; he couldn’t do this anymore. Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck. What could he do, what could he say? He pulled his headset off again and left himself unmuted like it was an accident.

“Patches no!” He yelled, praying he was loud enough for them to still hear. Patches looked up from her spot on the bed. “Get out of there.” He disconnected from the server before he could think better of it.

He flopped onto the bed next to Patches before groaning into his pillows. Why was he so, so soft? George telling him he would make a pretty flower shouldn’t send him spiraling. He should be able to laugh it off and move on as he can with Sapnap and Bad. He was so fucked.

And he still had to stream with Tommy later. How was he supposed to do any of this? How was he supposed to function for the rest of the day, knowing George thought he would make a cute flower?

That was the dumbest thing Dream had ever thought in his entire life. What was happening? He

could stream with Tommy because George was joking. Joking. Joking. Joking.

“FUCK!” He screamed into his pillow. He just had to move on. He had to forget George had ever said anything ever. GeorgeNotFound? Who is that? Dream had certainly never heard of him.

He didn't know anything about George's stupid, perfect, freckled face, or how to make him laugh so hard his head nearly popped off his neck, or how his smile felt like a direct ray of sun shining onto Dream's heart. He didn't know anything. His phone chimed. George texted. Shit.

is patches okay? He asked. Dream should shut his phone off; today was break day, remember? He wasn't going to say anything directly to George.

are you okay? Fuck. Why was George so perceptive? Why did he have to know Dream so damn well. Why did it make Dream feel so good to know George cared. Why did he have to consume every word George said like it would be the last one he ever read?

we're both fine . He responded before he could think, thinking got in the way of too much.

she just got into my chords, ive gotta reboot my pc . He hated lying to George so much. He didn't deserve it, but Dream had no choice. If he was going to keep George in his life, he was going to have to lie. These were the most important lies he would ever tell, and they were the ones that would hurt him the most.

Chapter End Notes

I very much don't like this chapter but it is what it is. Anyway, thank you for reading Chapter Three! If you have anything to say please leave it in the comments and leave a kudos if you enjoyed it. Chapter Four will be posted by the end of next week, see you then :)

what i think about

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He woke up in the field again, it was dusk the sun barely illuminating the flowers that had almost overtaken the entire field. They were taunting him, he could hear George's voice floating across the wind. "*Yeah, Dream, you'd be such a pretty flower.*" The voice grew louder and louder until he could feel it in his head until the words were branded across his skull.

"I wonder," said George breathlessly, "what flower you'd actually be." George's lips were practically on Dream's ear, his hot breath spilling down Dream's neck. Dream's breath hitched as George moved his head down to allow his lips to graze Dream's uncovered neck. Dream leaned back into George basking in the attention his eyes closing slightly. Something snapped around his face, his eyes shot open, he couldn't move. He couldn't speak. He looked around wildly, his surrounding suddenly seeming massive.

"So," boomed George's voice from above. "A white rose, interesting." Something was squeezing him pushing any air he still held out of his lungs. Distantly, he felt his legs snap. He rose into the air, higher and higher until he was level with George's face.

"My pretty little flower," George said, but his voice was different, it was deeper, stronger, louder. "How would you look without your petals?" It felt like chunks of his brain were being ripped out as George stole his petals, one by one. When George finally finished, Dream couldn't think, he barely existed anymore. He didn't notice what George said next, he didn't notice as he fell, or when the world turned dark. The last thing he recognized was the bottom of George's foot coming down at his faster, and faster, and faster, and-

Dream woke up in a cold sweat immediately reaching up to feel his head. He was still intact. He was still intact. It was another dream, another nightmare featuring the one and only GeorgeNotFound. He sat up still trying to catch his breath. He couldn't stop his thoughts; he couldn't stop his brain from pushing him further and further into hell. He needed to bury this fixation he had developed. Ignoring it hadn't helped. He had just fed into it instead, he'd let himself get so flustered he dreamt he was a flower that George tore apart.

He laid in his bed splayed drowning in his own thoughts. He turned his head slightly to watch the moon's soft beams stream into his room. Was George up right now? Was he sitting by himself like Dream was, staring at the same moon wishing they were together? Could George hear Dream's heart calling out to him, screaming into the void of lost affection?

No, George was home sleeping off the day ignorant of the moon and the stars, ignorant of Dream. Dream pushed himself up off his bed and stalked over to the window fully intent on shutting the curtains. But as he gripped the white linen and stared up at the moon he just stopped. Even if George was asleep, even if he was almost 5000 miles away, he was still under that same moon. He might still be able to hear him.

"Hi George," he whispered as the ghost of a smile flickered across his face. "I know you're out there." His knuckles turned white as his grip on the curtains tightened. He'd truly gone insane, talking to the moon? This wasn't a Bruno Mars song, this was his life, he was real, and he was standing there about to tell the world his darkest secret.

“I just want you to know, you’re killing me,” he confessed bitterly into the night air. “I love you so much it’s killing me. You’ve consumed me, every thought I think is for you, every dream, every nightmare, I live it all for you.

“Each night you visit me, pulling me in closer and closer and closer, just to kill me in the end. How could you do that? Huh? How can you just sit there unaware of how you rip me apart every night and every day?

“God I need it to stop, I need you to stop. I can’t live like this anymore, I can’t sit there watching you knowing my heart only beats to hear you laugh. That my mind only thinks to watch you smile.

“I hate you,” he spat, tears freely streaming down his face. “I hate you, I hate you, I hate you, I hate you-” he pulled on his curtains so hard they ripped off his wall, he fell to the floor still clutching them unable to let go. His chest heaved in silent sobs.

“FUCK!” He yelled before slamming his hands down on his wooden floors. He ripped at the curtains pulling them apart just to feel something other than the pressure building in his chest. He cursed again as his hands started to throb. God, he was pathetic, he just confessed his feelings to the damn moon because he knew George could see it too, because maybe just maybe, he was staring at the same moon.

He whipped his head around to look at his phone, silently he prayed for it to ring. He willed George to wake up, to call him. To say something, anything. He just wanted to hear George’s voice, he wanted to hear words that were only meant for himself. He wanted something to cherish, something all for himself.

His phone started ringing, Dream froze. Had George really heard him? For just a moment, just one, Dream allowed his heart to soar before it was crushed again. It was Sapnap. He didn’t pick up at first, he just let it ring staring at his friend’s photo. Staring at the wrong friend’s photo. The screen faded to black before almost immediately starting to ring again, Sap wasn’t going to stop. Shit. He wiped the tears from his face trying to find his composure.

“Hello?” He asked answering the phone trying to keep his voice from wavering. “What’s up?”

“What is wrong with you?” Asked Sapnap bluntly. Dream didn’t say a word at first.

“I uh,” he said eventually. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Bullshit,” replied Sapnap. Dream could practically see the look on his friend’s face. He was so fucked.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is a lil short but that is simply because brain hurty :) As always thank you for reading Chapter four! If you have anything to say please leave it in the comments and leave a kudos if you enjoyed it. Chapter Five will be posted by the end of next week, see you then :)

there's not much to say

Chapter Notes

Sorry, this is so late, I had a hard time coming up with a proper ending for the chapter!
But I think I figured it out, So I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Check your computer Dream,” said Sapnap, the edge in his voice cutting Dream to the bone. He had left the car earlier, right? Dream had left the call that included him, Sapnap, BadBoyHalo, and *George*, right? He hadn’t been dumb enough to leave it open, right? Dream was frozen in place on his bed just listening to Sapnap breathing. Ice was running through his veins. If he didn’t move, he wouldn’t know whether the call was open. He could just ignore it. Even if the call was open and Sapnap tried to talk to him, he couldn’t be able to hear it. The audio would go straight to his headphones.

“Now, Dream,” commanded Sapnap pulling Dream out of his head. He couldn’t run away from this, could he? Slowly Dream stood without saying a word to his friend. The phone slipped from his fingers onto his bed; Dream paid it no mind. He took the few steps it took to reach his desk. His hand hovered over his mouse. Click.

As Dream’s monitor lit up, his heart dropped. He fell back into his chair. Discord was wide open, the call from earlier was wide open. He started shaking, and a million thoughts ran through his head. Who else had heard him? Who else was listening?

He wanted George to know, right? Without having to tell him? So why was he so full of fear now that there was even the slightest possibility of George knowing. Sapnap’s voice softly echoed between Dream’s headphones and his phone.

“You there?” He wasn’t asking. Dream picked his headphones up and pulled them over his head.

“Yeah,” he whispered, still trying to keep emotion out of his voice. He cleared his throat. “Yeah, I’m here.”

“So?” Asked Sapnap after a moment. “What the fuck was that?” Dream closed his eyes. God, he just wanted to cry.

“I, I don’t know what to say.” It was so hard to keep his composure, to keep himself from breaking down. But Sapnap would’ve heard it in his voice, the slight waiver, the pain he was trying so desperately to hide. He didn’t want Sapnap’s pity. He didn’t want any of this.

“You sure as hell knew what you were saying when you were yelling at the discord you thought was closed,” said Sapnap, a slight laugh at the edge of his voice. Did he think this was a joke?

“That’s not what I was doing,” responded Dream with a scowl. He crossed his arms, sitting back.

“Then, what were you doing? Explain it to me!” The exasperation in his voice was so apparent. Dream didn’t know what he actually heard or thought. He could downplay this. He could pull this off, the most important lie of his life.

"I don't have to explain anything! It was nothing," he said as calmly as he could. He just had to stay calm, and he could solve this.

"Nothing? You said George was killing you, that your friendship was killing you, that's nothing?" Said Sapnap using Dream's own words against him.

"You must've heard me wrong," he muttered, trying to salvage whatever he could. Fuck, he couldn't stop shaking.

"No, cut the fucking bullshit Dream. Don't try any of that manipulative shit. I'm tired of it," spat Sapnap, his volume rising. "You love him, don't you." Dream fell silent once again. A thousand lies came to him, a thousand ways to get out of this. But dammit, he was tired, he was tired of lying and hiding and running. He was so tired.

"Yeah, I think I do." He wasn't confessing to thin air anymore. Someone knows now. It should've taken a weight off his shoulders to know that his best friend knows. It wasn't his secret to covet anymore. He could stop lying to at least one person in his life. "Nick, I don't know what to do," he whispered. Somehow Sapnap's silence softened.

"You're lucky, Clay, that it's so late for him," responded Sapnap. Was Dream lucky, though? Was it luck that caused him to meet George? Was it luck that caused Dream to fall when he knew George would never feel the same way? If that was luck, he didn't want anything to do with it.

"No, I was stupid for not leaving the call. Luck had nothing to do with it," he said bitterly. Luck wouldn't have caused him to rip his curtains down over a boy. Luck wouldn't make him fall for one of the only people he could never have.

"It was a mistake that could've lead to a way bigger disaster. I would say you're pretty damn lucky that you didn't make it another time," said Sapnap with an emotion Dream couldn't quite place laced in his voice. Anger wasn't quite right; it was closer to jealousy. But that didn't make any sense.

"Yeah, you're right," muttered Dream. He didn't feel like arguing right now; he didn't feel like doing anything.

"He can never know. You know that, right?"

"Of course, I know that! Even, even if I wanted to tell him--which I don't--I wouldn't say anything," said Dream. Sapnap didn't speak for a moment; his icon just sat there dark. Dream urged it to turn green, for Sapnap to say anything. He could hardly bear the silence anymore.

"Dream, I don't. Well," he sighed, trying to gather his thoughts." Even if George felt something for you, something more than friendship. He would never love you as deeply as you love him." Each word he spoke was a knife stabbed deeper and deeper into Dream's heart. Sapnap just threw his biggest fear into his face in an attempt to help him. But to hear it out loud from his friend hurt worse than he could've ever imagined. Dream had been stuck in his head for so long, and there was relief in knowing that he wasn't alone anymore. But somehow, Sapnap knowing just made him more lonely.

"You'll only get hurt worse if you tell him Dream, trust me," smiled Sapnap. Dream still couldn't say anything. He couldn't do anything. George wouldn't ever love him the way he wanted. He was alone.

"I know, I was just talking out loud," said Dream trying, and failing, to sound cheerful. "I was talking to the moon, you know, like the Bruno Mars song?" As soon as Dream said it, he regretted

it. He sounded so goddamn lame.

“Bruno Mars only ever reminds me of Tommy,” he responded, trying to follow Dream’s upbeat attitude. “Just make sure if you do it again, you don’t do it on call, okay?”

“I won’t. Don’t worry.” He wouldn’t ever make that mistake again. Not when he was risking so much. The more he thought about it, the worse he felt. He didn’t even get to tell Sapnap on his terms. He had allowed this massive invasion of privacy that could cause his whole life to fall apart. Sapnap left the call without another word; Dream followed him soon after.

When he had the strength to get to his bed, Sapnap had ended their phone call as well. He was left in silence once again. He was left alone with only his thoughts to keep him company. Sapnap had been kinder to him than he should’ve been. Hadn’t he? He was patient, and kind, and a voice of reason.

How was he so calm knowing what Dream felt? How had he taken it so well? Sapnap didn’t make fun of him or shame him. He was the perfect friend. It made Dream feel sick. He didn’t deserve such a good friend, not when he felt the way he did.

Dream hated himself so much. For everything, for loving Goerge, and for being stupid enough to stay in a Discord call, for trying to manipulate his friend into thinking nothing was wrong, for failing at hiding his feelings successfully. Dream couldn’t do anything right. He couldn’t have normal feelings of friendship or keep a secret properly. He was a failure.

The end of his bed dipped as Patches jumped up. Dream didn’t notice at first as he lay there spiraling. And then her face was nuzzling into his neck, and she was purring loud enough to drown out his thoughts. She was the only thing he couldn’t ever ruin—his perfect Patches. They fell asleep with his hand in her fur as she curled up on his chest. And for once, he slept soundly, with no nightmares ripping him into consciousness. He slept without a thought for George.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Five! If you have anything to say please leave it in the comments and leave a kudos if you enjoyed it. Chapter Six will be posted by the end of next week, see you then :)

nothing i really want to tell you about

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, I'm making a minor change. I know that this story was set before the second war, but I'm going to put it in the most recent streams as of posting this. So right now, this chapter is going to be set right after Tommy's exile right and when George's whole dethronement is going on.

I pretty much follow Tommy's storyline after that part, so I don't know much about the actual SMP storyline at the moment, so that's not very cash money, and I need to watch Big Q more. But I do know George's conflict isn't really a pressing issue at the moment. If anything's wrong, please tell me, and I'll go in and fix it!

Dream isn't alone anymore. But for the first time since this whole miserable business started, he wished he was. Sapnap knows. Sapnap *knows* . Sapnap knows. Sapnap **knows** . His words started to ring through Dream's ears.

"He would never love you as deeply as you love him." He had confirmed every one of Dream's worst fears in a single sentence. He couldn't even pretend like anything could happen anymore. He was stuck in reality, stuck in the fact that he *was* alone. Even if Sapnap knew, he would always be alone.

hey, where are you? Read a discord message from George. Dream stared at his phone for a moment savoring the words. He clutched his phone tight to his chest. This was the closest he would get to George today. His phone buzzed again.

whats wrong , said Sapnap. Dream can't lie his way out of the situation anymore. But he was so tired, he was so tired of being destroyed every day. Having to rebuild himself in the seldom hours he'd be alone only to be crushed again in his dreams.

i don't know if i can do it nick

i dont know if i can face you both

He didn't bother waiting for a response. He didn't bother responding to George. He just tossed his phone on his nightstand and turned over in his bed. He was so sick of living like this. Hiding it was hard enough, hiding it under the scrutiny of Sapnap was a whole new world of pain.

Dream's phone chimed once, an obvious message from Sapnap. Twice, probably Sapnap again. The third, however, was potentially George's. Dream turned his head over to look at his phone. It was just sitting there, the tiny little thing holding a world of pain. An incoming call finally got Dream to reach over and just check who it was. George's face was plastered over his screen.

It wasn't a particularly flattering picture, in fact when Dream changed his screen it was just going to be for a screenshot to send to him. A joke between friends. But when it came time to change it, Dream couldn't bear to change it.

"Hey, what's up?" He asked, his voice trembling.

“Gimmie one sec, I’m on stream so I’m gonna put you on speaker,” said George pausing for a moment. Dream scrambled up trying to compose himself, what the hell was George thinking?

“Why aren’t you responding to anyone’s messages?” He said after he finally got his phone on speaker. So Sapnap hadn’t told him that it was just George he had been ignoring. But if George was streaming, why would he?

“What messages?” He responded feigning ignorance. It was the best excuse he could think of on the spot. He was so stupid.

“I’ve been streaming for an hour, Dream. You were supposed to be on the SMP.” He was doubly stupid, of course, he was supposed to be on George’s stream today.

“Oh shit I forgot,” he stated.

“Yeah no duh,” laughed George, the faint sound of typing in the background of his voice. “Just get on.” Dream scrambled up and over to his computer pulling up Minecraft as fast as he could. George’s wish was his command, always.

$$\mathit{simp}.$$

oh shut up . He was trying to take it in stride, this was just the first of Sapnap's comments. His private little jokes about how fucked Dream was. He could do this, he had to do this, for George. It was all for George.

“I’m logging on, I’m just gonna join the call on discord,” he said, ending the phone call before George could say anything. He pulled up George’s stream on his second monitor and discord on his third instinctively. George’s smile lit up Dream’s entire room. Just looking at him for a small moment soothed some of his frayed nerves.

“Dream’s here!” Said Sapnap, as Dream joined the call. “And all it took was one call from George.”

“Ha ha, very funny,” he said humorlessly. Dream was barely holding it together, if Sapnap kept doing what he was doing, Dream was going to snap. He opened his direct message with Sapnap to tell him to cut it out until he saw the messages he had been trying to ignore.

its not that big a deal, you've been doing this for how long?

Dreeeeeeeeeeammmmmmmmmmm come onnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn

if u dont join in five minutes im telling george. He had to have been joking, right? Sapnap had said it himself, George could never know. So why was he acting like this?

thats not funny sapnap . He typed panic building with each letter. What if he wasn't joking? Sapnap wouldn't say anything, right? Right?

“I think it’s very funny Dream,” said Sapnap aloud.

“What?” Said George, glancing over at his discord to see if he’d missed any messages.

“Sapnap,” he responded warningly. George was streaming, if he was going to pull some bullshit like this, it shouldn’t be live.

“Aw come on, it’s funny.” Dream didn’t say anything, he couldn’t. He just had to endure this.

"I am so confused," laughed George nervously.

sapnap's just bringing up old stuff. If Sapnap was going to play this game, Dream would too. Sapnap wasn't actually going to say anything, but that doesn't mean Dream wasn't going to defend himself.

don't worry about it.

"Okay?" Said George still visibly confused.

you're such a dick. He said privately messaging Sapnap. Why was he being like this? It makes no sense, genuinely. Dream had no idea where it was coming from, he was sitting there just as confused as Sapnap.

"I am not," declared Sapnap, continuing to give voice to words that were better left unsaid.

"Chat, give us one sec, I'm gonna mute us all real quick." George clicked a few things. "I am live right now, what is going on?"

"Nothing," said Dream before Sapnap do any more harm. He had to clench his hands into fists to stop them from shaking. "Sapnap's just being a dick."

"Dude, I am not," he responded, an edge to his voice that wasn't there before. "I'm just joking around."

"Yeah well, it's not stuff to joke about. You know that," emphasized Dream. He hated having to be this vague. He just wanted to cut through all this and figure out what Sapnap was on. But no matter how mad Sapnap was making him there are more important things, more important lies.

"What are you guys talking about?" Dream's shoulders sagged. He shouldn't have joined the call. He shouldn't be doing any of this. He stared at George's chat, it was freaking out just spamming a bunch of Heatwaves nonsense.

"Like I said, it's nothing," repeated Dream trying to get out of this.

"It doesn't sound like nothing," said George. He was just trying to help his friends. He didn't deserve this.

"It's not nothing, and Dream is just being stubborn because I am hilarious," smiled Sapnap smugly. He knew exactly what he was doing, that asshole.

"Just shut up Sapnap, it's not funny. Nothing about this is hilarious, you're just an asshole who doesn't know when to stop," spat Dream, trying to give his friend the same kind of truth he had received.

"Yeah, maybe I am an asshole. But at least I'm not in love with my best friend." Immediately after he said it, Dream heard Sapnap's hand slap over his mouth. Dream sat there mouth hanging wide open.

"What did you just say?"

you find out

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“What did you just say?”

“Nothing, I’ve, I didn’t, what?” Said Sapnap immediately trying to backpedal. Dream just sat there reeling. That didn’t just happen, Sapnap didn’t say anything. And if he did, he played it off smoothly. This is the land of delusion, and Dream is the president.

“Dream’s right, you are being an asshole,” said George shaking his head. “I’ve gotta get back to the stream so you better shut up.” George pressed a few buttons before addressing his chat again. Dream still hadn’t said anything, he just sat there in stunned silence. He was too afraid his voice would betray him if he did speak.

i am so sorry . Even that message didn’t feel real. Dream was in one of his nightmares again, right? This was a nightmare, it had to be.

what the fuck , he responded, his hands shaking. Dream wiped away a tear he hadn’t realized he cried. He ignored Sapnap’s response.

He didn’t speak for the rest of the stream, and of course, George’s chat noticed. Every other message was about his absence. They trended on Twitter. Everyone couldn’t help but draw the comparison to Heatwaves, if only they knew how right they were. He hadn’t even been able to process it all when his screen changed.

STREAM ENDED

The call was silent until the notification sound signaling someone left. He was left there, just him and George. Dream’s breaths started to come quicker, he couldn’t find a comfortable position to sit in.

“Dream, are you there?” Asked George eventually. The sound of his voice made Dream want to cry again.

“Yeah,” he whispered. He had to keep his sentences short, he didn’t know what he’d say if he just started talking.

“Are you okay?” Truth or lie, lie, or truth. Dream’s walls were crashing down, his carefully constructed life, his most important friendship, fractured in a second. Reality had come crashing down.

“Yeah,” he lied. These were the most important lies of his life, right? He could fix this. He had to. All he had to do was lie.

“Was he telling the truth?” Said George, his voice deep and gravely. Dream used to love it when he sounded like that, but now each word was a dagger twisting deeper and deeper into his heart.

“Yeah,” he responded truthfully. There was no way to play that one off. No way without George knowing he was lying. And somehow that was worse.

“Dream, I...” he trailed off trying to find the right words. “I’m flattered, but...” There it was.

“*But.*” George didn’t feel anything for him, he never had and he never would. Dream had to hold it together, he had to put the pieces back together. In whatever way he could. Even as he felt his heart abandon his body, even if he knew he might never be okay again.

“Oh yeah I know,” laughed Dream, his voice as shaky as his hands. Stay calm, pull it together. “It’s not a big thing, just a little crush. I’ve practically moved on.”

“But Sapnap said-”

“Yeah,” interrupted Dream. He couldn’t listen to George’s voice anymore, not if he wanted to get out of this with anything resembling a friendship. “He was exaggerating because he was mad at me.” Dream was going to will his words into reality if it was the last thing he ever did. He doesn’t love George, he isn’t in love with George. This is a passing obsession, a momentary lapse in judgment.

“Oh,” said George, sounding slightly disappointed. No, that had to be Dream’s imagination, he wasn’t disappointed. George is happier this way. “Okay, well, I guess I don’t know what to say then.”

“It’s fine, really. No big deal,” laughed Dream nervously. “We good?”

“Yeah, we’re fine.” They were fine, it was all fine. Dream left the call and immediately tears started pouring down his face. He slammed his hands onto his desk over and over.

“DAMMIT!” He yelled. “DAMMIT, DAMMIT.” He wrapped his arms around himself and sobbed. He clung to his own sweatshirt desperately, trying to hold onto something, anything. He had fixed things between them, but at what cost?

He stood up and walked over to his window. He looked up to the moon and the stars. The one’s he once confessed everything to. The ones who got him into this damn mess in the first place.

“He wasn’t out there you know,” he smiled bitterly. “He wasn’t listening. He doesn’t care. He doesn’t care about me.” Dream wiped the tears from his face.

“It was supposed to bring me some clarity, and I suppose it has. It’s made me see that I’m just a liar. I lie to myself, to *him*. He doesn’t deserve this, my *love*. I’m poison you see, I poison everything around me.

“I lied for so long to all of my friends. I made Sapnap cover for me, even if he did a shitty job at it. I put George in an impossible position, I don’t deserve them. Any of them.” He took a deep breath, before sagging down onto the floor.

“I’m just so tired, I’m tired of all of this. I don’t want to be like this anymore. I don’t like who I am anymore. I don’t know what to do. I’m scared.”

His phone rang for the tenth time as more tears rolled down his face. He got up to mute it, to mute Sapnap. But he couldn’t bring himself to do it. Dream wanted to know why Sapnap did it. What made him so mad that he would say that. He wanted to know what he did to cause such a reaction.

What changed in the few hours between their phone call and George’s stream that made him want to do that? But to hear his voice, to hear the apologies that would come spilling out, Dream didn’t know if he’d be able to handle it.

Dream would snap, he knew it. He would be angry and lash out when Sapnap didn’t deserve it. He couldn’t pick up the call, not yet. He needed time to figure all of this out. He turned his phone all the way off and dropped into his bed. Patches hopped up after him, curling up against his chest. He

ran his fingers through her fur gently. No matter what he did, at least he had someone in his corner. Even if it was just a cat.

Even if she was too good for him too. Holding her there sent him crying again, she was too precious for this world. He had to make sure he didn't ruin her too. Patches licked the tears from his face, purring gently. This only made him cry harder. But slowly and surely, Dream cried himself to sleep clutching Patches in his arms.

It was pouring in the field, cold rain the type that chills you to the bone. But Dream just stood there drenched, waiting. Waiting for George. For just a moment with him. Thunder boomed over him as he just stood there. A hand came and lightly gripped his shoulder. Dream turned around instantly and was enveloped in George's arms. George was so warm, and soft. As if the rain hadn't affected him at all. Dream clung to George's sweater holding on for dear life.

"Hi, Clay," whispered George, trying to pull away. Dream just held on tighter.

"Please don't, please just let me have this," he begged, his tears staining George's sweater. He felt George shake his head.

"I don't have a choice." He finally pulled away taking a step back. "Look at what a mess you are." Dream fell to his knees looking up to George. A single ray of sunlight had cut through to frame George's head like a halo. He was the only light in the entire field.

"I'm not your savior Dream, I'm your destruction. I always have been," he said smiling as an axe appeared in his hands. "I always will be." Dream's shoulders sagged as he sunk deeper into the earth. George held the axe to Dream's throat.

"I know George," he responded with a smile painting his face, his chin held high. "But I was only ever yours to destroy anyway."

Chapter End Notes

Merry Christmas and happy holidays everyone! Thank you for reading Chapter Seven! If you have anything to say please leave it in the comments and leave a kudos if you enjoyed it. Chapter Eight will be posted by the end of next week, see you then :)

these hearts adore

Chapter Notes

HAPPY NEW YEAR!! Thank you all so much for reading this at all, and for blowing it up as much as you did! I did just write this chapter absolutely blasted so if there are any errors pls let me know :)

Y'all are the best, thank you thank you thank you !!!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The sunlight filtered through Dream's window warming his face. He didn't want to wake up; if he could live in his dreams, he would. But still, morning called, and he had to answer. Dream got up with a soft groan landing onto his curtains. He hadn't gotten around to putting them back up.

Instinctively, he reached for his phone. To check if George had texted. But he stopped himself as the events of the past few days filled his head. He hadn't realized how peaceful it had been to forget. To forget how stupid he had been.

He walked to his bathroom, still half asleep. He stood at his sink and stared at himself, at this pathetic excuse for a man. His eyes were bloodshot, his face pale. Stubble covered his chin. All because of George. All because he wasn't brave enough to own up to his mistakes. All it would take to fix this was one word from George. Just a hello would fill Dream with enough happiness just to exist.

Dream ran a shower, stepping in before it had even warmed up. The cold water ran down his skin, washing away his errant thoughts. It prickled his skin, leaving him unable to think of anything else. But as the water warmed, the image of George's face came with it.

There was nothing he could do to avoid it. There was never anything he could do. He was so sick of being helpless, of being unable to do anything about this. He just wanted to fix it, to fix himself. But he couldn't. Dream broke things to the point of no return.

He told George he didn't care that it was a meaningless crush. And George believed him. But even still, their friendship would never be the same, would it? He fucked it all up again. Dream leaned against the wall of his shower, trembling slightly.

He couldn't even shower without breaking down again. Shit. He took a deep breath. No, he was going to shower, and he was going to check his phone. He could do this easily. These are everyday tasks. He can do this.

He finished his shower trying, and failing, to forget about George. He made it to his bed before he started to crumble again. He swallowed before grabbing his phone. He turned it over with shaking hands. It lit up, displaying dozens of missed calls and texts from Sapnap. They had ended about an hour after they started, all culminating in a voicemail. It was three minutes long. He had to at least listen to it. He owed his friend that much. With another deep breath, he pressed play.

"Hi Clay," he said. Dream could hear the pain in his voice with just those two words. "I just wanted to tell you how sorry I am. I didn't mean to say that. I didn't mean for any of this."

“I know it’s not an excuse, but I don’t know what else to say. I was mad because of how well you and George get along. Of how flirty you can guys get. I was jealous, Clay. I didn’t mean to be; it just happened.

“Before you joined the call, we were joking about how you and George only enter the call when the other one asks. And then, as soon as George asks, you join. And he was so happy. He was so damn glad to hear your voice. I could hear it in his. And I could hear it in yours.

“That night. When you forgot to mute yourself, you said that George was ripping you apart, that he was destroying you. Well, he was destroying me too. I love him, Clay. More than I could ever describe. And I try so hard to get him to notice me. And you do it so effortlessly, it hurts. It hurts so much.

“And so I was angry when he was excited that you joined the call. I was so mad that I wanted to hurt you like you were hurting me. Like he was hurting me. And as soon as I did, I regretted it.

“You’re my best friend, Clay. And if I could take it back, I would. I’m just so sorry. And if you can’t forgive me, I understand. Completely. That’s all, I guess. I’ll let you go now. Goodnight.” Dream played the message again and again. How had he been so blind?

He wasn’t the only one who had been pulled in, who had fallen. For the second time, he wasn’t alone; Sapnap had joined him in his misery. Dream’s finger hovered over the call button. Something held him back, something he couldn’t quite place. He shook his head and called his friend. Sapnap answered immediately.

“Hi,” said Dream softly.

“Hey,” responded Sapnap. Neither of them spoke for a moment, they just sat in comfortable silence.

“Thank you for telling me the truth,” said Dream. “It’s good to know that we’re in this together.”

“You’re not mad?” Asked Sapnap incredulously.

“Oh, don’t worry. I’m pissed. But it could’ve been worse. A lot worse if you’d lied,” said Dream meaning every word he said.

“George is,” he paused. “Compelling, to say the least. And love makes people do irrational things.”

“I’m sorry, Dream. Truly.” Dream nodded, trying to figure out what to say. He couldn’t say it was okay because it wasn’t okay. But even accepting the apology felt wrong as well.

“Thank you for apologizing. But next time, just be upfront with me. Don’t pull that shit in front of George. Especially when he’s streaming,” emphasized Dream.

“It was so dumb of me to do. I know that. I just snapped,” responded Sapnap, still sounding apologetic.

“I know,” said Dream.

“So, are we good?”

“Yeah,” responded Dream with a smile. “But we have to promise something to each other.”

“Anything,” said Sapnap, eager to mend their relationship.

“Whatever happens, we stay friends. If George ever *picks* . You and me? We’re friends first,” said Dream. And he meant it. He knew George would never pick him. He had sacrificed George the minute he downplayed his feelings. But if there was hope for his friend, well. As long as they were both happy, he was happy. He had to be.

“Of course, but does that mean,” Sapnap trailed off. “Does that mean he already picked you?”

“No, he doesn’t like me like that,” reassured Dream. “He said. He said he was flattered.”

“Oh, Dream, I’m sorry,” apologized Sapnap again.

“It’s fine. I’ve made my peace with it.” Liar. He was such a liar. He had promised himself he would be more honest, but sometimes lying is the only option. Sometimes he just needed to protect himself.

“Well, if he doesn’t like you, there’s absolutely no hope for me,” laughed Sapnap earnestly. “So I don’t think you have anything to worry about.”

“There’s always hope, Sapnap,” smiled Dream.

“So, friends again?” Asked Sapnap.

“Always.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Eight! If you have anything to say please leave it in the comments and leave a kudos if you enjoyed it. Chapter Nine will be posted by the end of next week, see you then :)

let's have an adventure

Chapter Notes

Hello dear readers, it's been a while. Between work and preparing to move back to my dorms, I've been way too stressed and busy to find the time to write. However, I had a sudden burst of inspiration today so here's chapter nine, and chapter ten will also be out soon. Thank you all for your patience, as always I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It wasn't raining, but the ground was still damp. Dream stood at the edge of the meadow, it was a cliff, he hadn't known. He stared out, watching the sun dip lower and lower under the horizon. He watched as the sun bled into the night sky, he watched as it desperately clung onto the day. He watched alone.

"I didn't think you'd come back here," said a voice behind him, he was smiling, Dream could tell.

"I didn't think I would," Dream responded over his shoulder. "I don't want to be here."

"You're a terrible liar, well," George paused. "You're terrible at lying to me." Dream scoffed slightly. George stepped up next to him, staring at the same sunset.

"It must be very beautiful," he whispered, "if you're so entranced by it." Had it been any other time, Dream might've blushed at the comment.

"It's sad," he responded. "Not beautiful. The sun's dying, George. And it's trying so hard to cling onto something that doesn't want it back." George's fingers laced through his own.

"You're projecting Clay, just speak plainly," he said, pulling Dream around to face him. What was left of the sunlight danced across George's eyes, he looked happy.

"Don't call me that, please." Dream knew he was crying, but he didn't have the will left to care.

"What, Clay?" Asked George. "Why, it's your name, isn't it?"

"You only ever call me that here, when you're not real. It's not fair," he responded pulling away from George's grasp.

"You really are trying to move on," mused George looking away slightly. "Huh." George let out a small laugh as he stepped around Dream. Dream turned with him. George stood at the edge of the cliff, with his back to the water.

"So let me go," he said with a grin before throwing his arms open, and leaning back. Dream realized too late what George was doing. He scrambled forward, just barely catching the edge of George's hand before George started to fall. George pulled both of them down, and Dream thudded onto the ground as George slipped off the edge.

"Let me go Dream," he repeated, trying to worm his way out of Dream's grasp.

"No," gasped Dream. He held on for dear life, pulling his friend with all his strength. George just

chuckled before wrenching himself from Dream's grasp.

"NOOOO!" Dream screamed, a blood curdling cry as George plummeted."No, no, no, no, no. NO!" Tears slid down his face as he hugged himself tightly.

"COME BACK!" He yelled. "PLEASE. I CAN'T LOSE YOU TOO."

"GEORGE!"

Dream awoke in a cold sweat, trembling. He could still feel George's hand slipping from his own. He reached for his phone and just as he did, his phone lit up. Finally, a message from George. The most precious thing Dream would read all day.

No. No, it was a text from his friend. Nothing more. He had to get that into his head. They are friends. Friends. Friends. Friends. If he repeated the word long enough, maybe it would mean something.

are u sure u want to be in the jackbox stream tonight?

theyre usually just pandering and i dont want u to be uncomfortable

Dream smiled softly at the messages. It was a small gesture, but still, George was still thinking of him. George was still going to be a good friend, even though he knew how Dream felt.

ill be fine. Thank you for checking in on me, he replied

ofc anytime :) , wrote George. Dream can do this. He can be friends with George again. It would take time, a lot of time. But he could do it. And for the time being, all he needed to do was try.

"So when's the meetup boys," came the robotic voice of George's dono.

"Chat's still asking when we're gonna meet-up," laughed George. Dream should've been so eager to plan a trip with his best friends, but all he could feel now was dread. Dread that George wouldn't want to come, or that he would be uncomfortable, or that things between them would be weird.

"Guys, it's not gonna happen for a long time, okay?" Said Dream a little too seriously.

"Awwww, why not Dreamie?" Said Karl. "You don't want to see us?"

"Oh, come on now. Of course I want to see you, it's just," he paused. He didn't know what to say, for once in his life he didn't know what to say.

"It's a little hard for me to get a plane ticket right now," covered George. "You know, with the whole pandemic going around." Dream thanked him silently.

"Yeah, it's just not fair if it's not all of us," said Sapnap. Dream thanked him too. But still for the rest of the stream, the chat kept going off about ways George could get to America. One donation even said that the rules in George's region had been changed, so that if the passenger had a negative test they could fly.

But still, none of them addressed it. None of them wanted to get their hopes up. And Dream didn't

want to let anyone down. But the idea was there, it had wormed its way into George's brain, and even after the stream, it hadn't left.

"I looked it up," he said in a VC with just Sapnap and Dream. "It'll be possible for me to fly out."

"Wait, what? When?" Asked Sapnap incredulously. Dream stayed silent.

"Next week, at the earliest," said George, a smile apparent in his voice. The memory of his dream flashed through his brain. The feeling of George being close to him. The feeling when George fell.

"Uh," he said, trying to keep his composure. He had to say it, even if Sapnap was on the call, he had to make sure.

"Are you sure you want to come? I don't want to make you uncomfortable." He was met with silence.

"You said you were moving on," said George, his voice dangerously low and gritty. It was the voice that Dream couldn't listen to, not for long. It was the voice that burned right through him.

"I am, I have," he lied. Last night's dream flashed through his mind. He would add learning how to lie to George onto the list of things he needed to accomplish before they met in person. "I just didn't know if you would be comfortable knowing I had a crush on you."

"Oh," said George monotonously. "Yeah, I'll be fine if you are."

"Great," sighed Sapnap in relief. "If that's all, let's get to planning boys."

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Nine! If you have anything to say please leave it in the comments and leave a kudos if you enjoyed it. Chapter Ten will be posted by the end of next week, see you then :)

just us pt. 2

The flowers were blooming again, spreading their sickly sweet scent over the whole field. But this time, Dream inhaled and exhaled, and their scent didn't bite. When George materialized next to him, he wasn't filled with the same impending dread he always had been. He was free.

"Enjoying the view?" Asked George, with a smile when Dream turned to face him. Dream grinned right back.

"You look even better in person." George let out a low chuckle.

"You know it's not forever, right? I'm just going to leave you again." It was Dream's turn to chuckle. He turned away from his friend.

"You always do. Doesn't mean I can't enjoy it while it lasts," he replied. He bent down to smell the flowers, to enjoy George's presence. But when he looked back up again, it wasn't George looking back.

"Are you enjoying me too?" Asked Sapnap. Confusion flared through Dream.

"Of course I am. You're my best friend!"

"So it doesn't sting when I hug him, or laugh with him? It doesn't kill you to know that me and George can just be friends?"

"Well, of course," spluttered Dream. "That doesn't mean I don't care about you!"

"But you'd be happier if I wasn't here?" Asked Sapnap. Dream couldn't find the words to respond. The flowers beneath him were dying one by one. Slowly being poisoned by his presence.

"I even poison your dreams," scoffed Sapnap. "God, you're pathetic. Pining over George, pining over your lost friendship. You know we can't wait to be home, we hate it here with you."

"Stop it," muttered Dream. "Just shut up and let me be happy."

"You'll never be happy, not while I'm here. Not while George isn't yours." When the familiar ax slid into his hands, Dream was relieved. That meant he was waking up soon.

"Don't worry, I'll make it hurt." And then Sapnap was slashing, Dream could feel every blow. He stopped screaming after a while. All he could do was lay there as he was hit over and over again. Eventually, George joined Sapnap in the abuse. But it never ended. Every sickening crunch, every splatter of blood, was replayed over and over and over.

Hands were on him as he awoke. People were calling his name. He couldn't breathe, all he could do was shake.

"Dream! DREAM!" Called George over and over, repeating his name like a mantra. His face came into focus, that beautiful face. *His* George.

"He's awake," breathed George over his shoulder. Sapnap had been standing over them like a man possessed as he had been in the dream.

"Dude, are you okay?" Asked Sapnap, sitting on the edge of the bed. Dream was still having trouble breathing.

"Yeah sorry," he replied. George's hands were still on him, one on his shoulder one on his thigh. Dream was painfully aware of them lightly stroking over his body. He was already having trouble focusing but this was just overwhelming.

"You were screaming our names in your sleep," explained George, concern painted on his face. Of all the things Dream had worried over before their arrival, his nightmares hadn't been one of them.

"I didn't mean to scare you," he said, shaking his head, trying to shake away the memory of their brutality. "I have nightmares."

"Yeah, no shit," said Sapanap with a humorless laugh. "Why the hell were you calling out for us?" Dream tried to piece it together, what they had done in his dream, what he could tell them about.

"I uh," he started. "You guys. Well. It's hard to explain, but I have this recurring dream where you guys hate me. You're quite sick, with your punishments." Not the whole truth, but it would do. Neither of them spoke for a beat.

"We would never--"

"You know that--" They both started to speak, before offering the other the obligatory go ahead.

"We would never do that Dream," said Sapanap, taking the lead, George nodded along in agreement.

"I know, but I can't control my subconscious," sighed Dream. Sapanap let out a breath.

"Well, that's shit. Are you going to be able to go back to sleep tonight?" Dream glanced at the clock on his bedside, it was only midnight. He had thought it was morning, he had never been woken up from a dream so early.

"Probably not," he replied. "But it's fine, I'll just watch a movie or something."

"Cool, so we're watching a movie," responded George, finally moving his hands off Dream. Dream barely registered words, only that his body ached without George's touch.

"Wait, we?"

"Yeah, you didn't think we were just gonna let you be alone after that, did you?" Asked Sapanap. Dream just smiled in response, he didn't have the words to express how happy that made him. That they would never leave him.

"Let's make a drinking game out of it, maybe that'll put you to sleep," laughed Sapanap, hauling Dream out of bed. George agreed before Dream could protest, and thus they were seated on the floor of his living room passing around a bottle of tequila while watching Legally Blonde.

He couldn't tell you how they landed on Legally Blonde, but he had never laughed so much at one movie. Maybe it was the alcohol but he had never been so happy either. Sapanap passed out halfway through, and Dream couldn't have cared less. He wasn't worried about how George would react to the two of them alone. He wasn't overly aware of George's body pressed against his own, the way George fit right under his arm. All he could think about was how they had both brought him out of the dream.

The movie ended, but George and Dream still just sat there cuddling and talking about marriage of all things.

"I don't know, I think how she proposed was cool," smiled Dream. "Cause like, fuck Warner."

"Yeah, the guy's a douche," agreed George. "And she and Emmett are made for each other. I hope someone loves me as much as Emmett loves her." Dream's heart fluttered. He loved George as much, if not more than Emmett loved Elle.

“Don’t worry, someone does.” George looked up at him with a lazy grin.

“So, would you want to propose to someone, or would you like someone to propose to you?”

“I dunno. I guess I always thought I’d propose, ya know?” He said, trying not to lean down and kiss George’s stupid, perfect mouth. “But if someone loved me enough to just see me, and think ‘It’s them. That’s the person I want to spend the rest of my life with.’ and told me, I wouldn’t mind either.” George’s stare had grown intense, as had Dream’s desire to kiss him. George just sat there pondering his words for a moment, and Dream’s mouth went dry. Had he gone too far? He didn’t know what would set George off.

“It’s you,” said George simply. Dream’s mouth went slack.

“What?” he spluttered.

“It’s you,” George repeated before he leaned in and placed a chaste kiss on Dream’s lips. Dream was too stunned to move.

“I’m sorry,” George said as he pulled back. He was already making more excuses, but Dream just pulled him back in and kissed him like his life depended on it. George’s hands twisted into his shirt as he kissed back with heat the sun would pale in comparison to. George moved up into Dream, straddling his waist. His hands pulling at the bottom of Dream’s shirt.

Dream took it off gladly, before demanding the same of George. Dream rolled them over pushing their hips together. Dream slowly moved away from George’s mouth, down his jaw, down his throat, eager to lay marks down. But Sappnap shifted behind them, just enough to snap them out of their bubble. Dream still hungover George breathing heavily.

“We should put him to bed,” he rasped. George nodded, blushing furiously. They both put their shirts back on and awkwardly hauled up their friend and laid him gingerly to bed. They stumbled to George’s room lightly grabbing at each other. Dream opened his mouth to speak, but George silenced him with a kiss trying to pull them into the room.

“No,” said Dream, finally pulling away. “Not until we’re sober.”

George whined but Dream put his foot down. He wouldn’t be able to bear it if they woke up in the same bed and George regretted it. They would talk in the morning.

Before he could change his mind, he pressed a final kiss to George’s lips and walked away to his own room. And after a few brief moments with himself, he fell asleep dreamlessly, as content as he had ever been before.

just us pt. 1

Chapter Notes

I just want to thank any readers that are coming back, and new readers too, for bearing with me. I know I haven't updated in a while, I was lacking motivation and inspiration but now I'm back and better than ever! Hope you enjoy! Also, I'm going back through and editing all the chapters because I wrote a lot of these drunk and they were not written the best Imfao!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Three hours. That's all the time Dream had left to prepare for their arrival. For *his* arrival. Well, there were three hours until Sapnap got there, but George's flight had been delayed so he probably wouldn't arrive until that evening, but still. Dream had never been so nervous.

He had been stress cleaning for the last three days making sure the entire house was scrubbed clean, making sure each of their rooms were fully prepared, the fridge fully stocked, even his liquor cabinet was fully stocked. But still, he couldn't help but feel as though there was still something to be done.

He had re-hung his curtains and even blocked off a part of his room so that Patches would have somewhere to hide. There was nothing left to do. No surface that Dream hadn't wiped down, dusted, or swept, no laundry unfolded. But still, the knots wouldn't leave his stomach, What if it wasn't like it was online? The easy way his and Sapnap's conversation flowed might be stopped, being in person changed everything.

He had barely repaired his relationship with George, they were still on thin ice. George believed Dream had had a small crush on him, that Dream had moved on, and Dream was determined to keep it that way. He knew their friendship would never recover, it couldn't.

Maybe the alcohol Dream bought would turn out to be a bad idea after all. There was no way Dream could predict how he'd act with his inhibitions lowered. Dream tried to calm himself down by petting Patches on the couch, but sensing his nerves she wouldn't sit still enough to be pet. She prowled around the house trying to find the "threat" that had put Dream into such a frenzy.

He smiled at his cat affectionately, still not able to find peace of mind. He checked his phone for updates from either of his friends, but none came. George hadn't checked in all day, not getting any service on the 9-hour flight. Sapnap only checked in when he was at a rest stop making his texts few and far between. Dream was restless, stuck waiting.

Maybe if he watched a movie he would stop worrying, three hours was a long time to sit in silence. He opened Netflix and clicked through practically everything, nothing was appealing. The same thing happened with Hulu and YouTube. Everything just seemed bland. There was no way around it. Nothing was going to ease his anxiety save for his friends arriving. His phone buzzed, eagerly Dream reached over as it kept buzzing.

George was calling him. But George was still supposed to be on a plane, a *delayed* plane. For a moment Dream froze, unable to pick up. He steeled his nerves, he was about to spend 2 weeks with George, he could pick up a damn phone.

“Hello?” He asked. At first, there was just a crackle of a speaker, and then George’s voice cut through very chopply. Dream couldn’t hear a single word. “Hello, George? I can’t hear you!” The call disconnected and a moment later a discord message popped up.

I just landed at the Orlando airport, read the message. Dream’s stomach dropped.

Already? I thought your flight was delayed, he wrote back.

I thought so too, something got messed up and I got upgraded to a direct flight instead of having a layover.

I was trying to message you but I guess they didn’t go through.

I’ll meet you at baggage claim. I’m coming now to pick you up, I’ll call you when I’m there. He sent the message before he could think. He could’ve called an Uber, or something. Why did he offer to drive? Stupid, stupid, stupid.

Okay sounds good. I’m at gate 31 so I’m going to the one closest I think, see you soon!

See you soon. Dream swore and grabbed his keys. He just sentenced himself to a half an hour car ride with George. Alone. He was in such deep shit.

Dream locked Patches in his room and then he was off. He barely had time to shuffle his music before he set off, Half of him had never been more excited in his life, he got to see George, his George, in person finally. The other half of him felt like throwing up. What if George didn’t like him, what if he was uncomfortable? What if he got along with Sapnap, but they didn’t get along, and it was just some awkward, jumbled, mess?

Over the next half an hour, Dream couldn’t stop spiraling. Every thought pulled him farther within himself. He couldn’t get over the feeling that George would hate him. But as he parked and walked into the airport he pushed all of it aside. He wouldn’t know until he finally saw George. So he followed the signs to the baggage claim closest to George’s gate and with shaking hands, he called his best friend.

“Hey, I’m at the baggage claim on side B, where are you?” He asked before his friends could get a word in.

“Me too,” replied George, his voice clear. “I’m near a sign that says ‘Service Animal Relief Area’.” Dream perked up scanning the area in front of him. He took a few steps forward, finally spotting it.

“Okay I see it, I’m looking for you.” Dream’s eyes wandered over every face in front of him, he had almost made a full circle when finally his eyes landed on George. George was on his toes looking over the tops of everyone’s head trying to find Dream. Dream waited for a moment, breathless. George was only a few steps away. He had never been closer, or farther, from his dreams. Finally, George’s eyes met his own, and even though George had never seen Dream’s face, recognition lit up his eyes, almost as bright as the smile painted on his face. They moved toward each other in sync, going faster and faster until they practically crashed into each other in a crushing hug.

Dream’s arms wrapped around George’s waist as George’s wrapped around Dream’s neck. George burrowed into his neck as they embraced, Dream inhaled deeply trying to absorb as much of George as possible.

“Hi,” George laughed into Dream’s neck. His breath sent shivers down Dream’s spine.

“Hello,” he laughed back. Their bodies fit together as if they were made for each other. All of Dream’s worries flew out the window, as neither boy tried to pull from their embrace. But even Dream could feel the moment fade and they pulled apart in sync.

“Hi,” repeated George. Dream laughed.

“Hello.” Dream smiled down at him for a moment, admiring the blush that was quickly spreading on his friend’s cheeks.

“Do you need help with your luggage?” He asked, breaking the silence. George glanced down at his suitcases debating internally.

“I don’t think so,” he said, frowning. “I got them both here on my own.”

“Well, you’re not alone anymore,” joked Dream, reaching for one of them. George looked up at him sharply before dropping his gaze. Dream froze, had he gone too far? Was he pushing too much? Should he apologize?

“Well, are you going to help or not?” Responded George. It took a minute before Dream realized George was joking too. Dream relaxed and grabbed the bigger suitcase.

“Of course, someone strong as to lug this thing around,” he teased before starting to walk away to force George to catch up.

“Now you’re calling me weak?” George scoffed, rolling the carry-on behind him.

“Hey, you said it, not me,” Dream shrugged, fighting the smile that was tugging at the edges of his lips. George knocked into him playfully. They walked the rest of the way to the car in comfortable silence.

“Do you want the aux?” Asked Dream after loading the luggage into his car.

“Yeah, I know the perfect song to play,” George giggled. Dream cocked an eyebrow but didn’t say anything as he handed his friend the aux cord. George started the song but didn’t turn the volume up until Dream started driving, but soon enough a familiar tune was playing over the speakers.

Sometimes, all I think about is you

Late nights in the middle of June

Heatwaves been faking me out

Can’t make you happier now.

“Oh come on,” Dream groaned, as a blush crept over his own face. George laughed loudly at Dream’s discomfort.

“It was this or Roadtrip,” he grinned devilishly. Dream shook his head with a smile. Every single thought he had on the trip down had been tossed out of his head the second George played that song.

At that moment, he knew that George wasn’t going to hold the crush over his head, that this trip wasn’t going to end in tears. That it was all going to be okay. They got to Dream’s house, Dream showed him around and they spent the next two hours laughing. It was the easiest thing Dream had ever done, he felt so light.

He studied George's face and committed it to memory. He was going to move on, he was going to commit himself to it. But for now, he indulged. He allowed himself to be happy. He allowed himself to be free.

He had allowed himself to be so distracted that he wasn't incessantly checking his phone for updates from Sapnap, to the point where when a knock came at the door, Dream wasn't expecting it. In all his preparation, he hadn't realized how easy it was to get lost in George. His heart sank as George lit up even more.

He opened the door and there stood his best friend with a lazy smile and a backpack thrown over his shoulder.

"Hi guys," he smiled before Dream pulled him into a hug. It didn't last nearly as long as his one with George but it felt just as good. He hadn't realized how much he wanted them *both* there.

George came up behind Dream and Sapnap paused. He, like Dream, had assumed that George wasn't coming until later, that his flight had been delayed. Dream tried to keep the smile on his face as relief coated Sapnap's face as George embraced him. Jealousy coated Dream's throat as Sapnap's hands were splayed across George's back, as Sapnap inhaled George just like Dream did.

But even so, the jealousy was overwhelmed with happiness. With both of them near.

"So," grinned Sapnap, after finally letting go of George. "What's for dinner?"

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Eleven Pt.1! If you have anything to say please leave it in the comments and leave a kudos if you enjoyed it. Chapter Eleven Pt. 2 will be posted by the end of next week, see you then :)

End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Six! If you have anything to say please leave it in the comments and leave a kudos if you enjoyed it. Chapter Seven will be posted by the end of this week, see you then :)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!